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Tiny Speck of Love



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Chapter 1 by Lea Harb

My dad left when I was born. I've never met him, but I have a picture of him that I found in my mom's drawer. My mom doesn't know. Speaking of my mom. She's crazy. She's psychopath. She's a drug addict.

And this is where my story begins....

Just recently, I found out that my mom takes drugs. I've always known that she wasn't a normal mom, but I never had a normal life. I just wasn't expecting this. My mom doesn't know that I know, and I want to keep it that way. I am nothing like my mom. I don't want to follow in her footsteps. I want to lead my own life. Go to a good school. Then a good college. Have a good job. A big family. A nice house. But my mom can't provide this for me. That is why I have to leave.

I have to go find my dad. I know that he isn't like my mom. My mom told me that he left because she was a drug addict. He had begged to take me with so that I could have the better life that I deserve, but my mom refused. That's how I know that she loves me. Even if it is a teeny, tiny, little speck of love. It's still there. That's how I've stayed with her for so long. But now it's time for me to leave. Besides, I'll always know where she is. In our little apartment in New Jersey

2138, Salvador RD, room 3A

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I have to run away. I have to find my dad. I know that he isn't like my mom. My mom told me that he left because she was a drug addict. He had begged to take me with so that I could have the better life that I deserve, but my mom refused. That's how I know that she loves me. Even if it is a teeny, tiny, little speck of love. It's still there. That's how I've stayed with her for so long. But now it's time for me to leave. Besides, I'll always know where she is. In our little apartment in New Jersey

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Chapter 2 by EvilDisney



I shook slightly as I slowly opened the door of the apartment, careful not to wake up my sleeping mother that was on the couch a few feet away. Once I was out the door I let out a sigh of relief and started walking down the stairs.

Once I'm a safe distance away from the apartment I stop and take out my fathers photo. The photo has been faded and ripped in certain places but I could still see his face. My father had light brown hair like mine and blue eyes. If I really looked, I could see that I had inherited his dimples and beauty mark on our left cheeks. I had, unfortunately, not inherited his beautiful blue eyes, and instead I had gotten my mothers green eyes. I also shared her tan skin too.

As I was looking at the photo I noticed something was different. I turned the photo around to see that there was an address scrawled messily on one of the corners. Intrigued, I squinted hard to see the numbers.

237 Ruggles Ave, Newport, RI, 02840.

I smiled "not so far away" I whispered to myself.

Chapter 3 by R



It was a long way to walk, but I knew how to jump trains. I'd known for a while, back when this neighborhood had felt like home, we'd all jump on and off again as the trains flew by.

That was before I realized this couldn't be my life. That was before I realized my mother was a drug addict.

I'd seen her popping pills, you know, so many. Better than some of the drugs kids at school did, better than meth or crack, but it was an addiction none the less. She'd even told me she'd used to be a drug addict. It was a simple conclusion.

I train jumped up to New York, and then came home heading east to Rhode Island. I was hungry and tired but I had to find my father. I had to.

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Finally, tired and weary, I snuck up to the window of my father's house. It was a really nice house, with brick walls and a gate that didn't function to keep me out, even though they were obviously meant to stop people from walking up to the house.

The house itself looked old, with that odd style of the painted white walls and the brown stripes of wood that made it look strange and old fashioned. It wasn't nearly as large as the veritable mansion next door, but it was right next to the cliffs that overlooked the sea.

I stepped up to the windows, searching for my father, and I found him, sitting at a dining room table, happy and cheerful and obviously the man from the photo.

But next to him was a cheerful looking woman and three happy looking kids. I stared at the scene in horror.

He had a family.

Chapter 4 by thelastunicorn



Stupid

I should've left. I could've ran away. But I went to the door. I knocked softly. Looking around, I saw that they had a very nice lawn, besides he kids toys scattered everywhere. I looked back through the window. They didn't hear me. I knocked again, louder this time. The woman answered the door.

"Hello Miss." she said opening the door.

"Hi, um, I'm looking for this man," I showed her the picture "he seems to be my father."

Chapter 5 by bluedog



A man walked up behind her and his jaw dropped.

"Delia?" he said.

"Dad," I said.

"...has she?" He asks about my mother's drug use.

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I walked in. The woman frowned and took the kids upstairs. I sat down. "Delia, I- I left you and your mother because she was a drug addict. I've always loved you but- I had to leave." My dad said softly. He pulled me into a big hug. "I know how you feel." I said, but truly, inside I was upset. My dad had other kids. It was like he replaced me! I felt sad, but happy for my dad at the same time. The woman came downstairs. "Well, you could live with us if you'd like." She said kindly. I smiled. I was gonna like it here a lot. Suddenly there was a knock on the door. My father went to open it. He stood there silently. Me and my new mom went to the door. I stared in horror. "I can't be." I gasped. It was my mom.

Chapter 7 by adware



"Delia, baby, thank God you're ok. Come here Delia."

My father closed the door in her face. He leaned his back against it and called out to my mom at the top of his lungs.

"She's staying here Leah! She doesn't want to see you. We're done putting up with your shit."

My mother banged at the door.

"Delia, are you ok?! Can you get out of there? I love you baby, I don't care what you've done to yourself-- I will always, always love you ok?"

My dad was laughing, but he didn't look happy. He banged back at the door, harder.

"Shut up Leah! Get off my property!"

"I'm calling the police Ethan! You have no right to drag our daughter down with you!"

I stared at the wood grain where my mother's terrified face had been. Why hadn't I noticed the black mold and rot growing on this door until now?

My new mom was tugging at my arm.

"Cmon Del, let's go forget about it!" See more of Story Wars

I moved my stare to my ex

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my elbow.

How long had I been here?

I looked at my new-- I mean, my mom's face.

She's crazy. She's a psychopath. She's a drug addict.

I have to go find my dad.

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